Shhh, Kisses, and the What Not To Do List
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by AddisonAddek

Summary

A Derek and Maddison OneShot.
Just two teenage boys sneaking around and making out in the middle of the night.

Derek/Maddison
#Deark
COMPLETED

Notes

Enjoy.

Shhh, Kisses, and the What Not To Do List

Derek was woken up, not by the traditional sound of pebbles smacking into glass, but by his telephone ringing.

“What?” he grumbled into the phone, not even bothering to check caller ID – it was bound to be Mark.

“I'll be by in ten. Let me in, alright?” Mark asked, and Derek pulled the phone away from his ear to check the time.

“It’s one in the morning!”

“It’s Saturday tomorrow, you can sleep in.”

“Can’t you climb through the window? Everyone's asleep,” Derek complained, but he was already throwing back the covers and padding downstairs to let Mark in when he comes.

“Not unless you want me to break my neck,” Mark returned. “I'll be there soon. Come on. You gonna open the door for me or what?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Derek nodded and eased the back door open, waiting, half asleep on his feet. "I'm downstairs already."

After a while he heard the bell ringing from Mark's bicycle. Mark was grinning at him and he waved at his best friend.

“Heya,” Mark told him, voice hushed. “How you doin’?”

He sounded every bit as cheesy as he’d intended, and Derek shut the door very carefully behind himself before hugging Mark. Mark's hands were warm through the thin T-shirt Derek was wearing, and the summer air was just a little muggy, not quite unpleasant yet, but getting that way. Mark turned his head, breathing against his neck, and after enjoying the hug for one long moment, Derek pulled back.

“C’mon in,” he said, rather than stand out there all night. “I gotta lock up.”

Mark followed him in docilely, and waited in bated silence whilst Derek locked the door behind him, tiptoeing up the stairs behind him and waiting for Mark to shut the door to his bedroom before laughing a little, half under his breath.

“Dude, this is awesome.”

Derek's only answer was to grin back at him as he slid back into bed, patting the mattress next to him to indicate Mark should get in.

Mark raised an eyebrow. “Clothes?”

Derek apparently couldn’t resist the eyebrow-waggle. At Mark's look, he grinned. “What, all I’m saying is, I really wouldn’t mind,” he said, keeping his voice carefully low.

Mark grinned. “My virtue,” he said with mock-horror.

“Wanna take your shoes and jeans off and come tarnish that virtue a bit more?” Derek asked, shifting over a little in his narrow twin bed.

Mark was already toeing off his shoes and shucking his jeans, leaving him in a T-shirt and boxers, sliding into bed next to Derek – half on top of Derek, in fact – almost before he’d finished speaking. “You have the best ideas,” he told him, and Derek grinned, snaking an arm around Mark and yanking him closer.

It was awkward, with two teenage boys in the bed, but they managed pretty well, since getting up-close and personal with each other was pretty much their sole aim right now. Mark was lying in between Derek's legs, sprawled a little awkwardly on top of him, and there was really no point dicking about with finesse or subtlety or whatever, so he leant forward and kissed him. Derek grinned and kissed back, losing his smile as the kiss went on, Mark keeping things carefully chaste. They had all night, after all, even if Derek was half-hard right now. *(Mark wasn’t throwing stones; he was too.)*

When Mark pulled back, Derek grinned again, lips a little redder than normal. “Couldn’t you ask? I’m not that kind of boy.”

“You are exactly that kind of boy,” Mark told him, not unreasonably. He bent his head a little and kissed experimentally at Derek's neck, which was the kind of thing girls were supposed to go wild over.

The couple of times they’d actually had time and privacy to try things like this out, Derek had seemed to like it, and he tilted his head now to give Mark better access.

“It's nice,” he murmured, and Mark, spurred on, experimenting a little more, grazing his teeth over the skin he’d just been kissing. He wasn’t really sure what he was doing, but it seemed like it might be fun.

“Mm, harder,” Derek told him, head lolling back against the pillow, and Mark obliged him by almost biting at his neck. “Yeah, that’s fucking nice,” Derek muttered, and Mark could feel him shifting under him, trying to get a little more control over their position, so he shifted obligingly with him, the bed really too narrow for anything more athletic. *(He couldn’t fucking wait until he and Derek could try things out on a bed which wasn’t meant for one teenage boy.)*

Derek tilted his head again and kissed Mark, using his hands to keep Mark in place, kissing him like he couldn’t bear to stop, tonguing at Mark's bottom lip until Mark opened his mouth against Derek's. Both of them were a little too inexperienced for it to feel anything other than wet and a little weird, but what they lacked in experience they made up for with enthusiasm, and Mark swept his tongue over Derek's right as Derek shifted again, an abortive little move which jolted Mark up, sliding his mouth a different way over Derek's. He pulled back, a little out of breath.

“You totally practised this, didn’t you?” he whispered, half-accusing, half-laughing.

“Yeah,” Derek nodded, his grin apparently uncontrollable. “Me and the crook of my elbow got real friendly there for a while.”

Mark grinned, and rested his head for a second on Derek's shoulder. “Does that actually work?”

“You tell me,” Derek said boldly *(though Mark could recognise bravado in Derek from fifty paces.)*, and leant awkwardly to the side to kiss him. It only half-worked, but Mark wasn’t about to complain about Derek's technique. Or, not much of it, anyway.

Mark thought back to a day long ago, wrestling with Derek by the lake. Laughing as he tripped up his friend and sent him into the pond, where they would hang out to feed the ducks, fully-clothed. Derek had come after him, running and tackling him, picking him up and throwing him into the water. How he had gone back in when Mark didn't resurface. How he dragged him back out, shaking him and in tears until Mark burst out laughing. The look on his face, panic fading into forced bravado and very real anger. Mark had kissed him, then. It was clumsy, brief and hard.

“It's okay,” he whispered as magnanimously as he could, “I’ll let you practise on me.”

“Oh, you’ll let me, will you?” Derek raised an eyebrow, attempting to

look intimidating, though Mark could only barely see it in the gloom of Derek's curtained bedroom. Derek was clearly wishing he could flip them over and gain a little more control over the whole 'kissing' thing, but there was absolutely no room for anything so energetic in his tiny twin bed, so he settled for leaning up to kiss Mark's neck, mimicking Mark's own movements from mere moments earlier. Mark smiled, letting his eyes fall closed, only for them to snap open when Derek grazed his teeth over the spot he'd just kissed.

"Dude, ow!" he hissed. "Your teeth are fuckin' sharp!"

Derek pulled back, eyes a little wide from what Mark could see in the darkness. "Um, sorry?" he whispered back. "I – I thought, 'cos I liked it, you would too."

The sudden shock of pain was almost instantly gone, and Mark was already regretting over-reacting. "Hey, no, I'm sorry," he returned, "I – didn't know I didn't like that."

"Okay," Derek nodded, "so, no biting. Putting that one down on my What Not To Do list." Some of his earlier confidence was returning, if the way he made a check mark in the air behind Mark's shoulder was anything to go by.

Mark grinned. "But you like it, right?" he whispered, and Derek nodded, a little shy and a lot anticipatory. "Okay, then."

Derek shifted under him again before he could make a move, though, and whispered a little guiltily, "Sorry. My right leg's starting to go numb." The look he gave Mark was so chagrined, Mark couldn't help but laugh a little, and leant forward to kiss him again, revelling a little in the way he could just do this. Maybe he couldn't shove Derek up against a locker in school and start making out with him, like Chad Michael, the linebacker, could – well, not unless he wanted to get the shit kicked out of him on the way home – but he and Derek had this instead. And they were going to be go together somewhere after high school, so Chad Michael could keep his PDAs and Mark could keep Derek.

If he hadn't been so busy kissing Derek, he might have taken a moment to feel sorry for the guy.

Derek eventually pulled back with a gasp, lips wet. After a second, he whispered, "So, if you don't like biting, how's this?" He leant upwards, clearly an awkward position, and kissed at Mark's neck gently, all lips and tongue, teeth carefully avoided. Mark nodded,

sighing just a little.

“Yeah,” he breathed, “yeah, that’s – that’s really nice.”

He could feel Derek's hands at his hips slowly working his T-shirt up, and squirmed a little to make things easier, belatedly remembering that he was very close to Derek right now and moving was only going to make it really fucking obvious that he was turned on by their whole impromptu make-out session. It didn’t matter though, since moving made it pretty obvious that Derek was pretty damn turned on, too.

Derek just grinned against his neck, before pulling back. “I can’t get your shirt off and kiss you at the same time,” he murmured, sounding ridiculously put out by that fact, and Mark couldn’t quite stifle a giggle.

“What if I don’t want to take my shirt off?” he challenged, and Derek huffed a laugh.

“Yeah, right,” he grinned, poking Mark in the side, and clearly revelling a little in the squirm it won him.

“Fine.” In a move totally devoid of either finesse or seduction, Mark pulled back, kneeling between Derek's legs, and yanked his T-shirt off, grateful for the half-darkness. “That better?”

Derek pulled him back down again, utterly without shame, shifting to make their position more comfortable, and running one hand down the now-bare skin of Mark's back. “Eh, not so bad,” he nodded condescendingly, and though Mark rolled his eyes at Derek's tone, he couldn’t help but shiver a little at Derek's hand on his back. He distracted Derek from it by leaning in to kiss again at his neck; as it turned out, Derek was kind of a giant pushover for neck-kissing, since he forewent so much as commenting on it in favour of tilting his head back and shutting his eyes for just a second, before pushing Mark away from him for just long enough to pull him into another kiss.

“One day, we’ll be able to do this with the lights on,” he muttered against Mark's lips. “Or in the middle of the day.”

Mark thoroughly ruined the kiss by laughing. “Oh yeah, dream big, baby. Also, way to break the mood.”

“We’re teenagers, we don’t need a ‘mood’,” Derek pointed out, and licked a daring stripe up Mark's neck which absolutely should have had him shoving Derek away and wiping at his neck.

Emboldened, Derek kissed a wet path down Mark's neck, head tilted awkwardly until he reached the juncture of Mark's neck and his shoulder. Mark relaxed into it, deciding it felt far, far too good to pull away – just yet.

It was only when the skin where Derek was kissing – sucking, really – started to tingle that Mark realised maybe relaxing into it was a bad idea. He pulled backwards suddenly, leaving Derek staring at him, eyes faintly worried again.

“Did I do something wrong?” he asked. “I was really careful about teeth -”

“Jesus, Derek, did you just give me a hickey!?” Mark hissed, fingers prodding awkwardly at the damp, hot skin Derek had just been kissing.

Derek blinked, once. “Um. Maybe? I don't know.”

“Dammit, Derek, I'll have to wear T-shirts until this fades, and it’s summer!” Mark wailed, and Derek hushed him viciously. “Well, fine, how do you like it, then!?” he demanded, swooping in to kiss at Derek's documented weak spot, on his neck.

Derek giggled and struggled and squirmed, putting up a not-entirely-convincing fight, Mark's hands holding him down, one on his shoulder and one keeping his head firmly (though carefully) in place. Mark's attempt was both more determined and less gentle than Derek's had been. Since Derek was down with the biting, when he pulled back, it was with an unabashedly victorious expression.

“Try hiding that,” he said triumphantly.

Derek's breath was coming in pants, but that made him giggle, high and sharp and unexpected, and Mark really couldn’t help but laugh back. “We gotta – be quiet,” Derek managed, when Mark's laughter rose above what could really be considered stealthy. “Amy will hear.”

“So?” Mark managed, head tucked into the crook of Derek's neck as his shoulders shook with laughter.

“If she doesn’t scream, she’ll come in here asking to be cuddled,” Derek told him, which just set them both off again. It really wasn’t difficult to work out why Derek didn’t want to be cuddling his seven year old sister right now.

In a last ditch attempt, Derek reached up to try and silence Mark's laughter with a kiss – since that was what they always did in his mom's trashy romance novels – but it really didn't work. All it did was make the laughter wetter, and that, in turn, just made everything seem funnier. Mark bit his lip and hid his face, half in Derek's pillow and half in his neck, and Derek turned his head, and laughed into Mark's hair.

When they stopped giggling, the silence which followed was charged, anticipatory. Derek shifted again – Mark might not exactly have been hefty, but a fifteen year old boy lying on top of him was more than enough weight to get uncomfortable after a little while – and Mark was suddenly very aware that Derek was hard underneath him, and that he was hardly much better off. Tentatively, Derek's hand moved from Mark's back to his hip, and Mark shifted himself, kind of revelling in Derek's bitten-off gasp as Mark's movement pressed him more firmly against Derek's dick.

"Fu - Mark," he gasped, suddenly not having to remember to be quiet. Mark kissed him anyway, mouth sliding over Derek's with infinitely more certainty than before. It was still never going to rank up in the top-ten greatest kisses, but if the way Derek's hips jerked upwards was any indication, he was pretty into it anyway.

Mark was only human, and he couldn't help the way he moved against Derek, desperately trying to gain just a little more friction, kisses turning a little desperate, close-mouthed and clinging. The darkness gave the illusion of total privacy; in the warm, quiet privacy of Derek's room, it was easy to forget that anyone else existed, let alone in the same house. One of Derek's hands was in Mark's hair, the other too-hot on his hip, and Mark was gasping through the kisses, but that was fine because Derek was too.

Then, Derek was crying out, sudden and sharp, and Mark was desperately trying to quiet him, kissing him firmly despite that not working before. It worked a little better, since Mark was more focussed now, but Derek gasped again as Mark moved against him once more, and not in a good way.

"Sorry. Kind of – hurts," he muttered, and Mark could feel the heat coming off him, inches away as he was. Derek shifted backwards and away, firmly not looking at Mark, and Mark suddenly realised -

"Oh, God, you came, didn't you?" He said, and Derek glared at him.

“Shut up!” he hissed, and Mark would have laughed any other day, but laughter was pretty much the last thing on his mind right now.

“Hey, no, do you even realise how hot that was?”

“Mark, I just came in my pants,” Derek muttered, but Mark just leant forward and kissed him, chaste but firm.

“Yeah, that’s – really fucking hot,” he repeated. “I can do that to you.”

“I’m fifteen, wallpaper paste can do that to me,” Derek said, voice low, but he did at least let Mark pull him in again. “So – you want any help…?”

Mark smiled. “Not sure we’re there just yet, man. I’ll just – head into the bathroom, okay?”

He really wasn’t sure he could stand a conversation about this when pretty much all he wanted to do was jerk off – or have Derek help him with it, but he could wait for that. He could.

He pulled back, but Derek caught his elbow. “Marky, I – I want to, you know?”

Mark nodded, and reminded himself that he could wait. “Yeah, but – look, Der, I really need to get off, okay, and we can have this discussion when I’m not- what – Derek!”

Derek had shifted forward onto his knees on the bed, pressed against Mark's back, and had slid his free hand down to touch tentatively. Mark's hips moved reflexively, and he sucked in a tiny breath, willing himself to move away or Derek to do more. Gaining confidence a little, Derek stroked his hand over Mark's cock, covered by his boxers, and Mark bit his lip, wishing for both less and more.

“Der, it’s – we should –”

“I said I wanted to help, didn’t I?” Derek murmured, tilting his head to kiss at Mark's shoulder the way he’d worked out Mark liked it, soft and wet and without teeth.

“Yeah, but -”

“Then, I want to. It's okay.”

Since he punctuated his point with a particularly well-timed stroke, Mark really wasn’t in any condition to argue the point, and he

dropped his head back, letting Derek 'help' however he wanted to.

It took hardly any time at all for Mark to come, and he was far too caught up in the moment to be embarrassed by it – in fact, he was far too caught up in the moment to even realise.

Coming down from his high, he realised his boxers were sticky, and he was still resting against Derek, who was practically radiating smugness. He ignored it. “That was - awesome,” he said honestly, and Derek grinned, pressing another kiss to his neck before pulling back.

“I got some pyjama pants you can borrow, if you want,” he said, and Mark nodded, because there was no way he was sleeping in these boxers.

“I'm gonna need a pair too, hang on.” Derek slipped out from behind Mark, walking out the bedroom with admirably unwobbly legs.

When he returned a couple of minutes later, it was to find Mark flopped back on the bed, eyes shut. “Hey, wake up,” he whispered, tossing Mark a warm, damp flannel. “Thought you might want to clean up.”

“What about you?” Mark asked, a little latent embarrassment starting to set in, turning away from Derek to wipe himself off.

“Did it already,” Derek told him, chucking him a pair of worn flannel pants. “C’mon, you promised me I could sleep in, and I’m gonna, now.”

“Is it possible for the romance to die before it even lived?” Mark wondered out loud, and Derek smacked him gently before grabbing back the flannel.

“I gotta wash this out, be back in a second,” he whispered, and padded back out to the bathroom.

When he slid into bed next to Mark a minute later, it took maybe five seconds for Mark to curl up around him ‘so as to get more comfortable’, though Derek didn’t buy that for a second, not after the kissing and the orgasms, and the ... kissing.

Derek was half-way to dropping off, blissed out and drowsy when he realised he should probably say something. “Hey, Mark,” he said sleepily, and Mark nodded against his shoulder.

“Hmm?”

“Goodnight.”

"Goodnight." he whispered.

"Sweet dreams."

"Mmm," Mark agreed, just as sleepy.

I love you.

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